

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Published Every Other Day
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
MORNINGS BY
CHAS. M. MEACHAM

Entered at the Hopkinsville Post-office as Second Class Mail Matter.

Established as Hopkinsville Conservative in 1866. Succeeded by Hopkinsville Democrat 1876. Published at the South Kentuckian 1879 to 1889.

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ONE YEAR\$2.00
SIX MONTHS 1.00
THREE MONTHS50
SINGLE COPIES 5c

Advertising Rates on Application

100 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

WATCH THE DATE—After your name, renew promptly, and not miss a number. The Postal regulations require subscriptions to be paid in advance.



... This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN.

The first number of the South Kentuckian was issued January 1, 1879, by Wilgus & Townes. It was a weekly paper of four eight column pages. The paper was printed with materials loaned from Col. J. M. Dodd, who had printed first the Conservative and later the Democrat from 1866. In April 1879, Chas. M. Meacham became local editor of the new paper and in August of the same year bought the interest of W. T. Townes. W. A. Wilgus a few days later selling his interest to J. W. Gobin, a printer in the office. The paper started a subscription campaign in the fall and became firmly established by Jan. 1880, when Mr. Wilgus again acquired the interest he had sold and the firm of Meacham & Wilgus published the paper for the next nine years. On Jan. 1, 1888, Mr. Meacham temporarily retired on account of impaired health and spent that year in California, being connected with a daily paper in San Diego. He returned in December and purchased the Kentuckian from Mr. Wilgus, which had for several years been published as a semi-weekly. For nearly 30 years the paper has pursued the even tenor of its way without change of management. In 1898 it was published for several months as a daily and some time after resuming its old form became a tri-weekly. In all of its various forms—weekly, semi-weekly and tri-weekly—the subscription price has been uniformly \$2 a year. During its long career of 40 years, the Kentuckian—the name having been changed, by dropping the South—has stood for all that was best for Hopkinsville, often making a single handed fight in the face of public opinion. Its first great victory in such a contest was in 1880 when it led the fight for free graded schools. It has always supported home enterprises, home institutions, its home people, in political contests its home candidates. On next Saturday, the Kentuckian will take another forward step and become a morning daily, thus placing itself in a better position to serve Hopkinsville and Christian county. For the first time there will be a change in the subscription price. The daily will be \$3 a year by mail or \$5 a year by carriers. The paper will have the International News Service by mail and wire up to midnight and will deliver the latest news to your doorsteps in the city before breakfast and all over the county by noon, and ahead of any other paper.

The people have always given the Kentuckian a generous support and we are counting upon the same in the future. Many subscribers on its books have not been off in all these 40 years. In other cases, sons have succeeded fathers and have never let the paper stop coming. The merchants—and Hopkinsville has the best merchants on earth—have said: "Go ahead, we are with you." And so we shall "go ahead," not with any great flourish or blast of trumpets, but in quite business-like way, printing only such a paper as will succeed financially, from the start. We don't care to lose any money and take on extra work just for the fun of running a daily paper. But whenever the business men of Hopkinsville say "go ahead," we are ready to take them at their words. So Stop, Look and Listen! The morning Daily is Coming!

The new senatorial districting bill signed by Gov. Stanley does not make radical changes. It is his first time in a quarter of a century that the senatorial districts have been changed.

SHOWS GERMAN AS HE REALLY IS

Brutal Acts of Hun Graphically Described by Major Murphy of Red Cross.

BEAT BEAST AT ALL COSTS

Must Build and Build and Sacrifice to Win the War—A War of Nations in Which Every Man, Woman and Child is Factor.

New York.—One thousand seven hundred men and women in the grand ballroom of one of the big hotels saw the German as he really is through the eyes of Maj. Grayson M. P. Murphy, Red Cross director in Europe.

Major Murphy arrived here recently, after being in France for nearly ten months, and he is going back again. He came to make a report to Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross war board.

Major Murphy said in part:

"I want to ask you to consider for a moment the fact that up to this day Germany is entirely victorious in this war; that any peace that is made today on the basis of today's conditions or on the basis of the status quo ante would be practically a complete victory for Germany and for the German idea. Germany has lost nothing in this war—except blood. She has fought her war on the territory of others. She has drawn from the territory of others vast supplies of materials and vast sums of money. She has had between forty and fifty million people working for her for practically no wage—really as slaves. She has established her cursed hold on Austria, on Turkey and on Bulgaria, and she has at her feet murdered Serbia and unfortunate Roumania.

Hun Stops at Nothing.

"You don't know what these German people are. I believe.

"I cannot begin to describe to you the horrible, brutal, beastly, consistent official things that Germany has done, not in isolated cases, but generally, to the women and children and the poor old suffering people in the countries where she has set her dreadful foot. She has stopped at nothing. British officers told me of seeing their wounded piled in heaps and hand grenades thrown in the midst and exploded to kill them while they lay there.

"British officers have told me of the men being taken as prisoners through Germany and German women coming and offering them a glass of water and spitting in it as they handed it to them. I came back across the water with a prominent British officer and statesman. He told me of a friend of his who lay wounded and suffering horribly in front of the German trenches. He lay there for a day and a half or two days, and the Germans came out at night, stood around him and scoffed at him and kicked him and made fun of him, and then went away and left him, and when some of his own people went out at the risk of their lives and brought him in before he died he told them of these things.

"Did you think that the men in that British regiment would be willing to make a half peace with Germany? Do you think that the Canadians who went in the trenches and found their officers crucified—whether those men will make a half peace with Germany? I tell you it is only a short time before our boys who are over there now are going to be suffering those same things, and you have got to understand it here, and you have got to build and build and sacrifice, no matter what it costs, to beat that beast.

A War of Nations.

"This war is not a war of armies. It is a war of nations. There isn't a man, a woman or a child in Great Britain, in Belgium, in France or in Italy that is not a factor in this war. I tell you that if you should go, as I have gone, about those ruined districts in France and see the little children, little bits of tots, four and five years old, driving in the herds at night, seeing the little boys coming down the road—little bits of tots—with their arms full of faggots that they were accumulating against the winter; old men and old women working in the fields until it was so dark that, as you looked, you could just make out those vague ghostly forms gathering in the crops for France.

"I have passed through those towns and looked in the windows at night, where you could see a little here and there, and they were always working, working, working, to carry on this war. It is not the armies of France that are the essential thing to France in this war, nor the armies of England, nor the other countries. Those armies will do their part, and do it to a finish, if they are supported by the people behind, and the great crying need in Europe today is to build up the spirit and keep up the spirit of the people behind the lines, and it is that great work in which the Red Cross—thanks not to us on the other side, but to you on this side—have performed and become the largest known single factor since our entry into the war."

TERRIBLY SWOLLEN

Suffering Described As Torture Relieved by Black-Draught.

Rossville, Ga.—Mrs. Kate Lee Able, of this place, writes: "My husband is an engineer, and once while lifting, he injured himself with a piece of heavy machinery, across the abdomen. He was so sore he could not bear to press on himself at all, on chest or abdomen. He weighed 165 lbs., and fell off until he weighed 110 lbs., in two weeks.

He became constipated and it looked like he would die. We had three different doctors, yet with all their medicine, his bowels failed to act. He would turn up a ten-cent bottle of castor oil, and drink it two or three days in succession. He did this yet without result. We became desperate, he suffered so. He was swollen terribly. He told me his suffering could only be described as torture.

I sent and bought Theford's Black-Draught. I made him take a big dose, and when it began to act he fainted, he was in such misery, but he got relief and began to mend at once. He got well, and we both feel he owes his life to Theford's Black-Draught."

Theford's Black-Draught will help you to keep fit, ready for the day's work. Try it! NC-131

(Advertisement.)

A REAL BENEFIT.

"What do you think of these meatless days, Mrs. Jims?"
"I think it just as well that people should now and then learn to be valetudinarians."

WARMTH.

"It's another paradox."
"What is?"
"The fact that the absence of fuel should produce a heated argument."

JONES' NEW LEGS.

Will—Seen Jones lately? He's on his last legs.

John—Well, I hope they're not as badly bowed as his first pair.

Fond of Chicken Hearts.

Lucy is fond of the hearts of all fowls. When dining out with friends she was asked what her choice of the chicken was. Forgetting the name for the moment, she said: "I forget the name. It's de part what makes his live."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Preferred Locals

Smithson Water delivered Tuesdays and Saturdays. Phone 633 1. Advertisement.

Good Morning. Have You Seen The Courier?
Evansville's Best paper.

WANTED—Young man with some experience to learn business of printer-pressman, under draft age and if possible without military aspirations.

COTTAGE FOR RENT

At 104 West 17th street, 7 rooms, bath, gas, electric lights and city water. Garden and fruit trees. Immediate possession. \$200 a year.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

PROFESSIONALS

JAS. A. MCKENZIE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Summers' Building
Phone 331
Hopkinsville, Kentucky

Dr. T. W. Perkins
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office Over City Bank, formerly occupied by Dr. Fruit.
Office Phone 124-1—Residence 124-2
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

R. T. JETT, D. V. M.
--VETERINARIAN--
7th and Railroad Sts.
Office,
Cowherd & Altscheler Sale Barn.
Phone 19. Hopkinsville, Ky.

Hotel Latham Barber Shop

Fine Bath Rooms. Four First-class Artists.

FRANK BOYD, PROP.

VETERAN IN AMAZE AT ANNISTON CAMP

Private Snow Sees Wonders of Modern Army Life at McClellan.

WATCHES BAYONET DRILLS

Relic of Confederate Days in Open-Mouthed Astonishment Watches Irish Instructor—Says Conditions Are Not as They Were in '60s.

Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala.—Private Clark Snow, of the Alabama "Yellow Hammer," who fought for the Confederacy back in the '60s, limped into Camp McClellan to give the boys of the Blue and Gray a few pointers on how to lick the Huns.

"I have had no experience with Mr. Kaiser, but I reckon what Colonel Johnston and I went through a few years back was a fair sample of what you youngsters are due to stack up against over yonder," declared the grizzled veteran of the struggle between the North and the South, as he introduced himself to the students of modern warfare.

"We didn't have those new-fangled gases, but we had a battle against the effects of some of the rottenest corn whisky that ever came from a still, and I reckon that's just as bad. Take it from me, youngsters, it's a good thing for Uncle Sam that these moonshiners have been scared into burying themselves away for the winter."

Private Clark Snow, with his chest puffed out to fill up a spick and span gray uniform made from the remnants of the one in which he fought for the Confederacy, was standing in the center of a modern soldier city of 30,000 men and nearly as many canvas canopies. He was escorted by a bunch of soldier enthusiasts who were proud to be a part of the Twenty-ninth division and wanted to show the gray-haired "vet" all the mysteries of present-day fighting.

Shown Bayonet School.

The first thing the sightseers tumbled into was the bayonet school. Here Sergeant "Bill" Madden, the fiery little Irishman delegated to Camp McClellan as a part of the British war mission, was trying to make a group of pink-cheeked ex-office clerks look blood-thirsty. A dozen or more bayonet blades glistened in the sunlight, and there was "Peppery Bill" Madden standing at the head of the class juggling a formidable-looking overgrown jackknife.

"Attaboy; put some beef behind that jab! If you don't get him he'll get you!" shouted Bill.

The embryo fighters were being taught to slice imaginary Germans to ribbons.

"Cut that sentiment stuff out!" bawled Bill to a baby-faced private whose face never had been introduced to a razor. "That's not a knitting needle you have in your hand. Poke it right through that guy's ribs and yank it out again before he's had a chance to realize that he's dead. Steady now. Rotten! That one went between his legs. You're as good as dead already. Carry your corpse over there and watch me do it."

With teeth gritted, face drawn into a million or more wrinkles and every muscle of his body at high tension, the spirited product of the Emerald Isle went through the move. If he didn't kill a German it was because there wasn't one around.

Could Lick Whole Army.

"I thought I knew a thing or two about using those hedge trimmers," gasped Private Clark Snow at the conclusion of the exhibition, "but that Irishman could lick a whole German army all by himself. If you youngsters ever get worked up to the same state of mind he's in there'll be a lot of the Kaiser's gang snoozing with their toes to the sky this time next year."

In open-mouthed wonderment the relic of Confederate days watched the little foreign instructor disappear in the distance. It was mess time and the "Yellow Hammer" didn't have to be coaxed to eat with a company of the Blue and Gray.

Soup, roast beef, mashed potatoes, vegetables, coffee and rice pudding disappeared before the veteran's assault. He didn't have the heart to tell the boys of 1918 what he thought of the soldier meal until it was ended.

Too full for lengthy expression, Snow remarked: "And us fellows used to think we were kings when we had bread pudding once a week."

On all parts of the reservation the visitor found eyeopeners galore. Giant motor trucks hummed in and out of the well-laid winding camp streets in place of the old-time army mule. The whole camp was as spick and span as the best cared for front lawn. On every side there were evidences of "pep" and enthusiasm. And the peculiar part of the whole thing to Snow appeared the fact that everybody seemed busy performing some important task.

After paying his respects to the Stars and Stripes at retreat the veteran summarized his impressions of the inspection tour with tear-dimmed eyes: "If our boys had all the good things you have today there would be a lot more of us alive to tell the story. Conditions are not like they were back in the '60s."

We Don't Solicit

The business of every man, but we want the account of the liable and trustworthy only. Always ready, able and willing to assist those deserving help, we have doubled our deposits in the last two and a half years, and point with real pride to the standing and general character of our customers. Are you one of them?

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Of Hopkinsville, Ky.

For Boys and Girls Fountain Pens Are Sure to Please

Birthday Presents that are Useful

Any girl or boy—any man or woman—would appreciate a good fountain pen.

Every day of the year—almost every hour of the day—such a present can be put to a practical use.

There are many makes of fountain pens. And many styles and sizes in the various makes. So if we can be of any service to you in helping you choose the best fountain pen on the market for your particular purpose, just drop in and see us.

J. O. COOK DRUGGIST

Percy Smithson
Livery and Board Stable
Hopkinsville, Ky.
EVERYTHING UP-TO-DATE
Phone 32. Virginia Street, Between 7th and 8th

\$7.00 LOUISVILLE Courier-Journal

Daily By Mail

(Not Sunday)

AND

Daily Kentuckian

(Every Morning Except Monday)

Your Home Paper and the Best Known Daily Newspaper of This Section.

An Excellent Combination

Subscription orders at this combined rate may be sent to the office of the KENTUCKIAN or to L. E. BARNES, the Courier-Journal agent, Hopkinsville, Ky.